WITH ROD AND REEL

Exploits of Fishermen Are Duly Chronicled Here.

The Finny Tribe Landed Under Many Strange Circumstances.

That Gold, Double Eagle Is Proving Tempting Catch.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNEY.

THE EVENING WORLD has opened a Fish Stor Contest as a novel, timely and interesting feature The usual prize, a gold double eagle, will be give for the best fish story submitted. Fish-Commis-sioner Eugene G. Blackford, one of the leading Ashermen in the country, will act as judge.

The piscatorial yarns may be as short of the authors desire, but should not exceed 200 scords in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Fish Story Contest, THE EVEN. ING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Izaak Walton.

A Blacksmith's Whonner, The following was told by an old black smith:

A man and his wife went fishing Seneca Lake several years ago, taking with them their lit le boy who amused himself by looking over the sides of the boat. A large trout jumped and succeeded in catching the boy's nose. The boy jerking his head back, hauled the trout into the boat. Said trout weighed twenty-seven pounds.

A Lone Fisherman.

We have the boss fisherman up the Hudson. He is an old man beyond sixty years. and has been fishing for the last four years in about the same spot, and fishes from six to sight hours a day all summer. The only fish he ever caught was an old silver watch. To every inquiry of "What luck?" he returns When I get this one and the one to come ill have two." W. D. P., Peekskill,

A Savage Dog-Fish. While Summering at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, six years ago, I was fishing off the long dock for flounders. I had a bite and pulled in a large dog-fish hooked through the tail. A gentleman put his foot on the tail and started to loosen the hook, when the dog-fish squirmed around and nearly bit the heel off the gentleman's boot. He then killed him by crushing his head by a stamp of his heel. I suppose in pulling the empty line through the water the hook came in contact with the figh's tail. with the fish's tail.

FRED E. MACKNIGHT, 1650 Tenth avenue.

A Monster Eel. There is a man living in the Ninth Ward who caught an eel at the foot of West Thirteenth street. It was so large that after skinming it the eel was cut up in pieces and salted in a barrel. Delamater's iron works are at in a barrel. Delamater's iron works are at the foot of that street and the workinen nailed the skin on the large wooden doors to dry. Eet skins are good for sprains, and every time a man in the iron works sprained his wrist or ankle he cut off a piece of the skin and wrapped it on the sprain. The skin was not all used up for four months. This is a fact.

Billy Reep.

418 West Forty-eighth street.

Fight Between Cat and Muscalouge. A friend of mine living on Lake Champlain fish until it stops, when she will dive in the river and catch it, making a good meal for herself and kittens. Last year I witnessed a very curious marines battle between the cat and a large muscalonge. The cat had just caught a small fish when the muscalonge attacked the cat, catching her tail in its mouth. The cat drouped her prey and turning on the muscalonge sunk her claws several times in its body, but the fish would not let go and his body. But the hish would not let go and was gradually drawing the cat under water, when my friend and I rowed silently up and caught the muscalongs in a large net. It measured nearly four feet in length and weighed thirty-two pounds, while the cat only weighed ten pounds. C. O. E. D.,

256 East Broadway.

All the Way from Ohio. I was in a boat off Edgewater, on Ten Mile Creek, a tributary to Lake Eric, fishing for perch. Near the wild rice, on the opposite side of the stream. I noticed every now and then the splash of a large fish, and thinking there might be a hungry pike feed-ing, I changed my tackle, hooked a five-inch perch securely behind the dorsal fin and made a cast. A heavy strike, the reel spinned and a seemed strike followed. The move-ment of the fish ceased and a trembling sensation in the line and rod was experienced, which moved to the centre of the stream, and a regular shaking ensued, rescubling a and a regular shaking ensued, resombling a farrier worrying a rat. I gave a jerk; no effect; the sensation continued more savagely, it felt very heavy. Gradua ly I hanled in, and when within a few feet of my boat I as: the trouble. A nine pound pike had a savage hold of the head of the perch, a seven pound doyfish a firm hold of the tail, and the hook remained in its original position between the

heads of the two fish who were struggling for the perch, and this continued after I landed them and neither would let go of the bait. The two large fish were caught without the hook touching either. J. E. GUNCKEL, Toledo, O.

Towed by a Shark.

We started out from Cedar Keys, Fla., one afternoon for a few hours' fishing. We took a piece of wire on which to string the fish, so that we could let them down in the water to keep them alive. We had caught fourteen or fifteen trout and redfish, when something gave the boat a tremendous jerk, and the next thing we knew we were fixing down channel out towards the open Gulf. Leoking over the bow of the boat we saw that a shark ten or twelve feet long had snapped up our fish and research of the wire could shark ten or twelve feet long had snapped up our fish, and on account of the wire could not get loose. We did not have anything with which to shoot him, and we couldn't get the wire loose, so had to let him drag us, which he did for nearly three-quarters of a mile, and then, luckily, the staple in the boat broke and we were free. G. H. R., Bushwick avenue, Broeklyn.

Dec. 30, 1888, I went fishing on the Hudson. near Albany through the ice, and in thirty minutes had caught thirty fish, all rock fish except one, a large shad. While getting hooks from my pocket I laid my penknife and 70 cents in silver on the ice. The snow was and 70 cents in silver on the ice. The snow was falling and was one inch deep when I left. When near shore I discovered I had left behind knife, meney and shad. On April 30, 1889, while in a Bowerv restaurant, a man ordered broiled shad. On returning to tell the man there was only cod and halibut left the waiter tried to draw a glass of wa er from the large cooler, but no water would flow. On examining inside he found instead of a big cake of ice he had put in that morning, my knife, 70 cents and the shad, its tail lying up against the faucet. I claimed the whole lot, but got only my knife back, as it had my name on. The man got his broiled shad, the restaurant keeper kept the 70 cents. restaurant keeper kept the 70 cents.

A Crab's Wenderful Appetite. One day while hauling up a net with Jo Ridgway we discovered the head of a bluefish, with the body gone.

"How did that happen, Joe?" said I.

"He replied: "A crab ate it."
"How much will a crab eat, Joe?"
"Twenty-five pounds a day."
"Joe." said I, "I'm from the city, but hat won't go down. I'll go you \$10 on it, and prove it," said

That day he made with close mesh a galvan That day he made with close mean a galvanized netting pot. 2 feet in diameter by 4 feet long, and selected a good-sized crab, took six bluefish, aggregating thirty pounds in weight, placed them in the pot and sunk it in six feet of water. The next day we pulled up the pot. I had lost my "tenner," as nothing remained but the heads of the fish and the gay and festive crab. W. C. C.

Ready to Furnish Proof. Two weeks ago last Sunday a friend and myself were fishing for blackfish at Huckleberry Island. Our luck was good. Every time that we caught a fish we would string it on a line that we had tied to the oarlock. on a line that we had tied to the carlock. About 4 o'clock r. M. we got tired of fishing, and in untying the line it slipped from my hand and sank to the bottom, fish and all. Last Sunday my friend and myself were fishing at the East Chester own dock. We hadn't been fishing ten minutes before I had a tremendous bite and hauled up the seaf-same string of blackfish that I had caught two weeks before at Huckleberry Island. Every fish was alive, and strange to say every fish weeks before at Huckleberry Island. Every fish was alive, and strange to say every fish weighed double what it did before, and instead of having forty-two pounds I had nine-ty-seven pounds of nice, living fish. This string of fish must have trave led about ten miles. There is no mistake about the string that I used, because it was a piece of window-cord that I took with me from home. This story can be vouched for by the crew of the yacht Sara, who saw me lose the fish two weeks ago.

W. A. S.

432 East Seventy-fifth street. A Fisherman's Paradisc.

A short time since, while looking over some old letters of my grandfather's, I came across one which concerned a fishing trip is the owner of a Maltese cat which often that I had often heard him refer to as the goes fishing for herself. She runs along the most enjoyable Summer fishing that he had bank of the lake following some small ever experienced. The letter ran as follows:

TRUMVIRATE FISHING STATION, June 29, '59. TRUMVIRATE FISHING STATION, June 29, 59.
FRIEND JOHN: As you know, for four years past it has been the custom of Mr. G., Mr. M. and myself to disappear into Maine at about this season. We expected Mr. M. to join us here this week, but owing to the sickness of his with he will not come this humans. were this week, but owing to the sickness of his wife he will not come this bummer. So we have lecided to ask you to take his place. If you will some I will premise you that the wildest story of the great number of fish that we have caught will be more than verified. We impose on you absolute silence as to the location of our station, and you must agree not to come again except in the absence of a member. If you will come I will guarantee you such fishing as more but the friumyirate Club ever saw. Your sincere triend,

P. O. Banger, Mc.

P. O., Bangor, Mc.
Though the Club was broken up by the war and the three members died long before he did, I could never learn the location of he did. I could never learn the location of their station. Nor could the many curious persons who searched for it ever find it. It was somewhere to the east of Bangor and deeply hidden in the woods. The many stories of fishing during the Summer would fill a book. I have only room for the story of his first day, and will give it in as nearly his own words as possible: his own words as possible:

his own words as possible:

We were off by daylight, and early morning saw us casting and trolling in a lake of about ten acres in extent. We ushed here about three hours and caught trout from 3 to 7 pounds and pickerel from 4 to 9 pounds. During these three hours we caught over 200 trout and pickerel. The rest of the day was spent in the streams and brooks after trout. As the result of our work we shipped 600 pounds of freight to our friends in civilization the next day. Such fishing as I experienced that Summer. I never saw before and never expect to see again.

The woodmany's was and civilization's march.

The woodman's axe and civilization's march have long since obliterated the home of this Club, and nothing remains of it but a mem-ory of the stories I have heard of it.

RACE FOR ANY CUP.

Kilrain the Present Favorite with Southern People-Rumors of Trouble at the Ring Side-Who Will Referee the Big Fight 6 "Bob" Cook Has a Rival Coach-The Coming Larchmont Club Regetts.

It is now probable that the much-discussed

even to compete for the Paine or Goelet Cup. This makes it very apparent that yachtsmen on the other side do not think well of her performances so far. Doubtless the match races between Titania and Shamrock and Katrina and Titania influenced them in believing that several American 70-footers might be quite capable of defending the America Cup, leaving the Volunteer out of the question. The conclusion reached by the Royal Yacht Squadron not to compete for the cup creates much disappointment in this country, not only among yachtsmen but the American public generally. ment in this country, not only among yacutemen but the American public generally.
That these international races excite the profoundest interest on this side of the Atlantic
is proven by the space devoted to them by
the press and the enormous turning out of
citizens to witness the contest. Even a race
for one of the minor cups by the British beat
would be exceedingly interesting, as affording an opportunity of renewed comparison
between the American and English type of
yachts, and, incidentally, a chance to congratulate ourselves on our superiority in case
the Valkyrie were beaten. the Valkyrie were beaten.

The National Lawn-Tennis Association's annual tournament is in progress at Staten Island. It ends on July 4.

The talk of some of the Kilrain people about the New Orleans folks being prejudiced in Sullivan's favor is hardly to the point. Both Kilrain and Sullivan are well thought of by the Southerners, but Kilrain certainly seems to be the favorite with them. When the Sullivan party arrive sentiment will probably veer around to an equal division.

Things are certainly getting down to a pretty fine point. It is reported that a grand stand is being erected on Honey Island, where it seems almost certain the great fight will occur. This stand is said to be capable of accommodating upward of 10,000 people.

The air is full of rumors of possible trouble The air is full of rumors of possible trouble at the ringside. One story is now going the rounds to the effect that if Sullivan appears to be getting the best of the fight, Kilrain's adherents will try to break up the fight and make it a draw. It is highly probable that everything will be fair and square, blood-thirsty rumors notwithstanding.

Next to the crowd from New Orleans will probably come the New York delegation, in point of numbers. The Western cities will be well represented, St. Louis leading. Curious as it sounds. Bostonians are extremely conspicuous because they are so far almost nil. But it is thought the Hub will not quite give her champion the shake. A good lot of Hubbites are looked for on the day of the battle.

Who will be the referee? This is the allagonizing question that is harrowing the sporting element of the country. They are looking for a man whose nerves are caststeel and whose farmess is clearer than sunlight. The choosing of this important personage is almost the most important proceeding in the great fistic drams. . . .

Unless reports are very much exaggerated there will be almost one million dollars in bets represented about the ring on the fate-ful day of the encounter.

Peter Jackson is dancing about like a pea on a hot griddle just now. He says he wants to fight the winner of the big fight.

In the mile-and-a-half straightaway race In the mile-and-a-half straightaway races to-morrow and July 4, on the Schuylkill, for the Cup and People's Regatta, there is the large number of forty-one entries, including nine senior and eight junior singles. In the eight-oared races Yale. Cornell and Pennsylvania 'varsities are entered. If these crews really start the regatta ought to be a hummer.

entered Hosmer, Teemer, Couly, Ross and

The contract of Yale and Harvard with the New Londoners to row their annual eight-oared race there expired with the last race. There is every probability that it will be re-newed for another term of years.

"Bob" Cook now has a rival as an oars-men's coach. The success of the Cornell University eight in the three-cornered race at New London, was a signal victory for the methods of ex-champion Charles E. Court-ney. Could Courtney train his college boys to beat Cook's Yalensians.

The yachting event in this vicinity July 4 promises to be the regatta of the Larchmont Yackt Club.

Bantam-Weight Charlie Wheeler will be tendered a benefit at Waverley Hall to-night. Prominent boxing talent will appear. The wind-up will be between Wheeler and Chap-

Coming Events. Annual dinner of the James McKenna Association at Freygang's Point View Grove, on the Sound, Wednesday, Aug. 21. Steamer Osaso will leave foot of East One Hundred and Thirtieth street at 0 oclock. Ladies' Fuel and Ald Society, Summer-night festival, Washington Park, July 2.

[From the Epoch.] Husband-Half the time I don't know whether I am crazy or not. Wife--I know all the time.

SLIM PROSPECTS FOR THE VALKTRIE TO A FEW PLEASANT CLIPPINGS WARRANTED HARRIGAN MAY RETURN TO THE PARK TO RAISE A SMILE OR TWO.

> Vachting on the Sound. [From Pack.]



Miss Atterbury. - For heaven's sake, pull harder! They're capsizing! Glen Cove, Boatman.—Hop overboard, you fellers, an' I'll pick yer up!



(As he reaches them). Now fetch a long breath and try to keep afloat till I shove the

A Plausible Theory.

Mr. Jellowby-Why is it that every pusson in yoush set does jes' zackly as 'Gustus Jones Mr. Darkleigh—You is somewhat ign'rent of N' Yawk s'ciety. 'Gustus blacked Wawd McAllistah's shoes durin' of a bull yeah.

A Poor Dector. [From Drake's Magazine. Stranger-Do you know Dr. Haines? Farmer-Know 'im some.

'Is he a good doctor, do you think ?" 'Reckon he ain't nothin' extry. Hain't no ercommerdation erbout 'im."
"There isn't? You speak from personal

knowledge, I suppose?"

"Reckon I do. I went atter 'im when my cow wuz buckeyed, an' he wouldn't come case old Bill Barnes's wife 'uz sick, an' he had ter go an' see her. Jest let my cow die, an' didn't seem to keer none er tail."

Splendid Progress. [From the Epoch.]
Mrs. Pettim—Strange what a taste my boy

has for natural history. He has been collect ing specimens.

Mrs. Titter—What progress has he made?
Mrs. Pettim—Splendid! Why, he has six
pairs of live cats hanging by their tails from
the clothes-line in the back yard this very
minute.

Didn't Care to Find Her. (From Time.)
Wife-Richard, I do believe that mother

is lost for good. I'm afraid we'll never find her in this crowd. Husband-Well, we'd better not look any

ore, dearest.
"Why, darling?"
"We might find her."

Why She Jumped the Other Way. Bessie-You refused Mr. De Temps? Why. any other girl would jump at an offer from

Maud (just graduated)-Ob, I know be's handsome, but I never could marry such an ignorant man. Why, I asked him a few ques-tions about the differentiation in protoplasmic molecular bivalves, and do you know all he said was, "I suppose so!"

A Common Dislike.

"How is it Terwilliger so seldom wears that pretty smoking jacket?" asked Giles.
"I suppose," replied Merritt, "it is because his wife made it."

No Wonder He Swore. Mrs. A.-Why does that little boy swear so

terribly? Mrs. B.—He cannot help it, poor fellow; his father sells parrots and he's in the store all day.



To insure prompt delivery of telegrams why not attach a crank to the boy's jaw and provide him with a few pieces of butter

Of female weakness, CARTER'S IRON PILLS.

WILL NOT COME TO AMERICA. THRUSTS FROM WIT'S SWORD STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP. Cristo, Jr., "was also given, and the usual variety outcretainment was seen.

THEATRE IN THE FALL.

Mrs. George S. Knight's Repertoire for the Senside Resorts and Saratoga-" Esther Sandraz" Has a Cold Welcome in London-Miss Carrie Jackson Breaks Her

Said an intimate friend of Edward Harrigan vesterday: "I believe that Harrigan will be back here by November and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he went back to his old house. I imagine he was giving Hyde & Behman, the proprietors, a bluff. He has been more successful at their Park Theatre than anybody I can remember. It seems to me that they didn't treat him quite right. He paid them a big rent, namely, 25 per cent of the gress receipts, and this, the season before last, amounted to \$40,000. They declined to meet him in any way. He spent \$12,000 on improving their house, and they wouldn't put a knot on a door to oblige him. Of course last scason Harrigan didn't do well: 'The Lorgaire' was a heavy loser, though 'Waddy Googan' made money. I don't believe in the talk of a new theatre for Harrigan. He can make money at the Park if he goes at it in the right way."

at the Park if he goes at it in the right way."

"A Wild Idea." "My Lord in Livery" and "Houp La" are the three pieces which Mra. George S. Knight, enulating Rosma Vokes's example, is to present during the Sommer season, which begins during the present menth in Asbury Park, and includes Long Branch, Saratoga, Atlantic City and other watering places. The members of the company are Ed Warren, who is also stage manager; Russell Bassett, little Tommy Gore, Julia Mackay, Ross and Fenton, Leona Fontainebleau and Theodore Brown.

Mrs. Langtry's recent success, "Esther Sardraz," adapted by Sidney Grundy from the French of Adolphe Belot, has just been produced at a matine at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. Miss Amy Roselle played the title role. A London critic says that "Esther Sandraz" lacks "the human sympathy that is essential to dramstic art."

Miss Leonora Bradley has been engaged to play the part of a widow in "The Lion and the Lamb,"

There is to be a new tragedian. He is a There is to be a new tragodian. He is a young man "with means." A season cannot rob him of his youth, but the "means" are not nearly as reliable a commodity. The smbitious young man is called Herbert Mars. den. He is to "tour" the South under the management of a Lewis Gillespie. Mr. Marsden evidently courts comparison. His Marsden evidently courts comparison. His plays are to be "Hamlet" and "The Fool's Revenge.

John H. Russell is in town. He is now a partner with David Henderson, of Chicago, not only in "The City Directory," but in Mr. Henderson's other enterprises, including "Bluebeard, Jr." It appears that this borlesque is so successful in Chicago that the probability is that it will not be presented in New York. This beartbreaking intelligence has perhaps, been divulged too soon, but occasionally bush-beating is cruel. It is more merciful that we should realize our hard fate

Fred Leslie, of the Gaiety Burlesque Com-pany, has reached London. The news comes to the city that he is suffering from blood

R. A. Roberts, late of Minnie Palmer's company, says that he has positively signed with Dan Frohman and will support Elsia Leslie (he didn't use the word "support") in "The Prince and the Pauper." He also says that Mr. Frohman has "lent" him to Mr. Taylor for the production of "The Dog Star"

Miss Carrie Jackson, last season with "A Possible Case" company, was engaged by Comedian Crane for the coming season. Miss Jackson has broken the engagement because she found that it would be rather an under-taking to buy new dresses, pay her fare to Boston and spend three weeks there rehearsing at her own expense. It does reem as though these items would take the gilt from the gingerbread.

The Nellie McHenry company, formerly the Salsbury Troubadours open their season Sept. '9. Their repertoire will include ''Green Boom Fun,'' and a new play that has not yet been named.

The Harmony Club, of Spring Valley, N. Y., of which Samuel Stodder is President and William M. Adler, Secretary, wish to be recorded as having raised #20 for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers by an entertainment given in Odd Fellows' Hall, Spring Valley.

Changes at the Theatres. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

"Il Trovatore" was sung at the Grand Opera-House last night by James W. Morrissey's Opera Company. The audience was not large, but was inclined to be tapturous. Miss Alida Varens sang the role of Leonora in place of Miss Ida Miss Varena gave a pleasant rendering. She died a little too near the footlights, but as it was getting rather late she was forgiven. Miss Eugenie Bouer was Azseena and Sig. Dugenzi Manrico. POOLE'S THEATRE.

POOLE'S THEATRE.

Poole's Theatre, under the management of L.
Hangen, was reopened last night, with Stanley
Macy in a farce-comedy called 'C. O. D. 'It
was the usual collection of songs and dances
brought together and given a name. It pleased
the audience. Mr. Macy himself did good work,
and was ably assisted by Miss Cora Macy and
tittle Georgie Bruening. There is no reason little Georgie Bruening. There is no reason why Poole's Theatre under its new management should not become a paying concern. KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

"A Morning with Justice Schwab" was the name of a farce presented at Koster & Bial's concert hall. The burlesque entitled "Monte

DOCESTADER'S, Lew Dockstader's excellent company returned to their comfortable little home on Broadway and gave an enjoyable entertainment, which will be repeated until further notice.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. "For His Natural Life," a play taken from a stirring novel, and seen previously at the Theatre Comique and at the Windsor, drew a good audience at H. B. Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre last night, It was well presented. DORIS'S MUSEUM.

The Mascot was sung at Doris's Eighth Avenue Museum vesterday, and the performances were well patronized. Opera at such very low prices is rather unusual, and ought to ancored. The attractions at the museum are Pitting's Boston Comedy Company, a Japanese village and Prof. Campbell's air-ship.

"THE BURGLAR."

The third act of "The Burglar," the comedy-drama" produced at the Madison Square Theatre last night, is the dainty little sketch knowh as "Editha's Burglar;" the first. second and fourth acts are the padding used to nake it into a play. The result of the effort is encouraging, and "The Burglar" is not to be despised, in spite of some giaring improbabilities that would glare even worse than they did last night, if people were not too busily engaged in keeping cool just now to notice them very particularly.

William Lewis is a sort of Captain Swift and Jim the Penman in the first act. He "burgles as Editha would say for a living at night, and is a "gentleman" during the day. He is then missed for five years and his doleful, but Worthclad wife marries again. He enters her house in his role of burglar and meets Editha, whom he finally re ognizes. His wife has heard that he is alive and believes herself to be a bigamist, But a young lawyer has secured her a divorce and all ends happily, the burglar dying, of

The melancholy wife, however, might have been spared a great deal of tedious anguish had the divorce been made known by the young lawyer before the end of the fourth act. Why he kept the information to himself nobody knows but the author of the play. In the first set the burglar is a gentleman and speaks the best drawing-room English. In the second act he indulges in the jargin which burglars are popularly supposed to love. How he could have suddenly lost his educational veneer is never explained. There are many remarkable little in consistencies in "The Burglar." But as I said before, "take it all in all," the play is not to be despised. When a man sets out to make a four-act comedy drama of a sketch he naturally encounters difficulties. Imagine a four-act comedy drama made out of "Uncle's Will " or " My Milliner's Bill " or "A Game of Cards." We may get them all during the Summer season, when people are hard up for ideas. Then, if one-act plays getlengthened why shouldn't five-act plays be shortened, and

"Hamlet" used a a terer de ridege, of "Othello" as a little "Venetian sketch ?" Maurice Barrymore was picturesque and in telligent as William Lewis, the burglar. He was better in his evening dress than in his burglar's " neglige." He wept a trifle more than we care to believe that housebreakers are wont to weep, though of course few of them recognize long-lost daughters in the houses of their victims. Mrs. Emma V. Sheridan as Mrs. Lewis was in a lachrymose agony from beginning to end. You felt she was going in for tragedy the instant you saw her. Miss Sheridan's misery was irritatingly incessant. She made of the role that kind of woman who would drive a man to get missed. Yet she was carefully attired in the most gorgeous robes, and for one so moist and tearful managed to keep her sitks and laces in pretty good condition. If Miss Sheridan's performance was unsatisfactory her role was worse. In the first act she was deeply in love with her first husband, and was wretched. In the last act she was in love with her second husband and was also wretched, Exactly why she married Paul Benton it is diffi cult to understand. John T. Sullivan Miss Minnie Dupree and Geo. Thomas were agreeable, and little Gertie Homan quite as well trained as Elsie Leslie. Sidney Drew, as an irrepressible young lawyer, excelled himself. ALAN DALE,

Answers to Correspondents,

Car In over.—The company has no right to withhold any part of your wages for damages done to the car while you are driving it. John Beekman.—Apply to one of the Police Commissioners at Headquarters, 300 Mulberry street.

Charles S. -The fare to Catskill is \$2.18 and the time by rall from Jersey City about four hours.

Without P.—You may legally dramatize a published novel without the author's consent.

H. Paul.—Enquire at the College of the City of New York.

M. D. L. -You need not move until the court has granted the disposses order.
F. S. P. - Apply to the curator, Cooper Union. Constant Reader—If you want to be naturalized you must manage to be at the Superior Court some day when the court is in session between 11 a. M. and 4 P. M. Can't you afford to take half a day off to become an American citizen.

OVER THE PATHLESS OCEAN.

Athwart vast continents traversed by mighty i or thoroughfares, many-armed like the fabled Briarous myriads set forth daily to encounter the vicinaltudes of travel, change of climate, unaccustomed food, and an atmosphere, possibly miasmatic, yet with a calm confidence that their health will be preserved. When this con il lence is based upon the possession of the supreme nedicinal defense, Hostetter's Stomach Efitters, it is in deed well founded, otherwise not. Brackish water, bad food, the wearying and other had effects of railroad jolt-ing, sea-sickness and nervousness, aggravated by a journey and its attendant discomforts, are aborn of their pernicious influence by this sterling alterative, pacifier and compensating medicine, invaluable for dyspepsia, feeblences, nervousness. • stipation, malarial disorders, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

SMOKE



Turkish&Virginia TOBACCO. Absolutely Pure and Wholesome.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY each bottle of KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT.
Price 25c. and 50c.

MINISTERS, LAWYERS, TEACHERS AND others whose occupation gives little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness.

AMUSEMENTS.

SOCIETY OF TAMMANY, Or Columbian Order. JULY 4.

113th Celebration of the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY Tammany Society, or Columbian Order,

TAMMANY HALL. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1889,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M. The following eminent stateamen have promised to be present and deliver addresses:
Hon. W. BOURKE COUKRAN, of New York, Hon. JAMES B. EUSTIB, United States Senator from Short talks by the following distinguished statesmen

others
B. T. BIGGS, Governor of Delaware,
C. W. WILSON, Governor of West Virginia
JOHN H. REAGAN, United States Sens

Hon JOHN H. REAGAN, United States I from Texas.

Hon, B. F. SHIVELY, of Indians.
Hon, M. V. R. EDGERLY, of Massachusetts.
Hon, B. R. COX, of New York.
Hon, J. H. WARD, of New York.
Hon, J. H. WARD, of Now York.
Hon, ASHBEL, P. FITCH.
Hon, GEORGE F. ROESCH.
Hon, CHARLES E. HOOKER, of Miss.
Hon, JAMES JEFFRIEN, of La.
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ONLY COUSIN JIM.

An Original Story with an Old-Fashioned Ending.

BY AUGUSTA ROTTBOL.

came trooping forth in couples and groups, the day in school. ranging in age from five to sixteen years. The school-house was situated on a bluff white mare and driven by a good-natured. overlooking the see, near the small village of sunburned teamster, came slowly along the once been the remains of an old fort. Seeing and white over the stones and hedges. the necessity of a good school the village folks, sensible people, had contributed from | dren in chorus, "let's have a ride;" and with meagre savings for the erection of it; and another shout the whole throng but one (a now their honest hearts filled with pride as pretty, fair-faced, blue-eyed girl of sixteen) they rode by, each exclaiming, "I belped build that school. It's been like a blessing

to us and our children." The boys ran down the road shouting. dancing around and pushing off the girls' flowery sunhats, bobbing up at them from behind stone walls as they passed by and teasing them in sundry other ways as only

The girls, the older ones, trudged on, gig-

School was over and the boys and girls | gling and talking merrily over the events of A board or lumber wagon drawn by a little

The foundation of the building had dusty road, for the Summer's dust lay thick "There's Consin Jim," shouted the chilovertook the wagon and jumped on, two or

three in their wild scramble for seats falling in the dust. Nell e, the pretty girl of sixteen, hung back, saving :

" I'd rather not go; there are too many already. "Oh! Nellie, do come," screamed back the others. "It's only Cousin Jim, and b. don't mind."

Secing the girl hesitate, Jim, who had heart and trembling of the hand told him he Seeing the girl hesitate, Jim. who had stopped the mare and turned around, beck-oned to her to come with the others and made room for her on the front seat by his side. With his gentle aid she climbed up bashfully to the offered seat. With a "Get up! Fanny," from Jim, the little white mare pricked up her cars and started off at a brisk trot, jumping and jolting the wagon with its marry feeight.

mer breeze carried the echoes away out to the ships at sea.

One by one the children jumped off the wagon as they reached their homes, never stopping to thank the driver in their haste. Why should they? He was only Cousin Jim! What difference did it make? Noticing the last two but herself of the party get off. Nellie shyly addressed Jim, looking up at him askance with her pretty blue eyes. saying: "I think you for this pleasant little ride!" th uk you for this pleasant little ride!"
"Can't I drive you to your home?" answered Jim. "Don't you live at Deacon

Snow's?"
"Why, yes," sho said, brightly, her shyness passing away. "I am his granddaugh-He asked her many questions to make her speak, she had such a low musical little voice and such a pretty way of talking.

He drove her up to the old stone farmhouse, which had been built many, many long years before, and had stood the gales like a stanch ship in mid-ocean.

He helped her down, and as he looked into nor deep blue eyes a sudden beating of the

heart and trembing of the hand told him be had met his fate at last. He had known the small slender figure well, by sight. He had seven dreamed of the innocent child face of the girl, but love had never entered his atrong breast until now. The throbbing of his heart revealed at last its secret to him. He often met her after this and had a beating of the heart well known. Many are the remedies for such afflict on. A touch of the hands, a speaking plane or a deep-drawn sigh, are excellent cures, but from coyness Nellie gave him no encouragement.

Under many pretexts Jim sought admitirot, jumping and jolting the merry feeight.

Like a dozen magpies in a cornfield was the noise they made. The little dogs in the neighborhood, considering them an intruding foe, gave chase and barked till they were quite tired. Even the pigs grunted louder as they passed by, while of ideight rang out afresh and the bright Summer breeze carried the echoes away out to the ships at sea.

One by one the children jumped off the homes, never reached their homes, never in their haste.

The was only Cousin Jim, and came and went at will. An honest good fellow they knew him to be, and nobody troubled himself about him further.

him to be, and nobody troubled himself about him further.

Jim was homely—yes, decidedly homely; his features were ill-shaped, but his eyes redeemed them; large, dark and bright as sperkling dewdrops. Straight as a young tree tall and strong as an oak was his stature. His early eduration he had received at the yillage school already spoken of, and be had managed to study alone, after his daily work was done, so, although quiet and reserved before people, his mind was active and well stored.

with Nellie, his lady-flower, his pet name for her, and now his love cried out within him and gave him no rest. Thus matters stood until the next harvest The honest harvest moon rose calm and bright one September evening, and merry, very merry were the haymakers. Their autumn songs and light laughter rang out sweet and clear over the fields and hedges

of green. Lovers there were many with their rakes and forks scattering hay in the mellow

Two stood side by side. Jim took posses

Two stood side by side. Jim took possession of one dimpled hand at last, and, hending his head, gazed long and carnestly into Neilie's pure blue eyes. No word of love his lips need speak; she knew it all. His dark eyes talked so well for him.

"I have a scant home to offer you, darling, but my love is strong. Be my wife. Nellie, and I premise you will never regret it as long as we live."

as long as we live."

She was such a shy little thing she answered him very low. He was satisfied and understood the little coy movement of her, head resting near his shoulder. Stooping down he kissed those lips so sacred to him. The moon moved down the sky, seeing the hervest was complete. harvest was complete. "Who is that tall fellow yonder?" said

"Who is that tall fellow yonder?" said Farmer Dean.

"Wby," answered his neighbor, "that's only Cousin Jim with his arms full of hay."

"Full of hay." and he pave Neighbor Peohitte a dig in his ribs. "Hay!" and he clapped his hands to his sides, and laughed and laughed. "Hay!" he screamed out. "Well, bless my old eyes, that's the funniest bundle of hay I ever saw.

"Here, old neighbor, I'll lend you my glasses; I guess they'll help your weak sight," and giving him another vigorous poke in the side, he whispered something in the

other's ear, at which they both laughed, Hurriedly placing the glasses to his eyes, and after a minute's careful scrutiny, old Doolittle

"By Joe!" and they both fell to laughing so heartly that they were obliged to stand back to back to brace each other up. Four days passed. The night had shut out the twilight, the window curtains were drawo. A little tableau might greet our eyes. Deacon Snow, in a large armchair, sits quietly read-ing the evening news. Little by little Nelli-who had been stiently building fairy castles in the air by the chimney corner, had drawn near her grand ather, and finally touched his arm so lightly that he might well have thought that a wee sparrow had just lighted upon it, and in her aweet, melodious voice,

Grandpa." Quickly turning his head, the sudden me tion caused his ey chubby little nose. ed his eye-glasses to drop off his " Well, my little bird, what can grandpe

"Grandpa," she whispered, and sank on her knees by his side and laid her curly head upon his knee, "will you please tell me Cousin Jim's story?"

"Ah! I wonder if I were to try very hard if I could not guess your great interest in this Cousin Jim. A tall young man (we will mention no name)"—and he gave her blushing cheeks a light pinch—" called upon me to-day and spoke of a great love, his great love for a little lady-flower, as he called her, that grows on my property. Now, whom do you suppose he could mean? It couldn't be Mrs. Peeie, the housekeeper," and he smiled cheerily. "for she looks more like a good-natured houseafte than a flower; nor could it be your Aunt Jane, for, bless me,

she's as tall and gaunt as a mile-post, and not quite like a posy. Now, there is only one left, and it "——

Thoughtfully shading his eyes with one hand, he added:

"You spoke of his story—ave! ave! The poor lad has one. Twenty-four years ago, next month. Yes, it was October the 19th. The ran and sleet beat down that day and night, and when darkness set in few folks went to bed to rest. At midnight, after a lull was the rest of land when darkness have of fland went to be to rest. in the storm, a gun was heard off land very faintly, almost like a kuell. It was repeated twice and then all was still.

"The brave souls who heard it, willing

and ready, eft their homes to wrestle with the wind and mighty tide, to succor those in peril at sea, and two trave men were lost that morning from the village—my own poor father and old Peter Jones." and he wiped his

father and old reter somes.

tear dimmed eyes.

After many efforts the great life-boat was launched, but before they could reach the snip it sank out of sight. The wild shricks and cries of the drowning crew were heard and cries for many days in our ears. Snugly tied that to a floating spar was a tiny baby boy, and just beyond it or a broken mast a woman lay, white and still. In reaching over the lifeboat's side to rescue the floating bodies my father and old Peter were drawn into the angry sea.

(To be Continued.)